Up Against The

Free to G.I.'s 15¢ ELSEWhere

BULKHEAD

VOL 1 NO 1

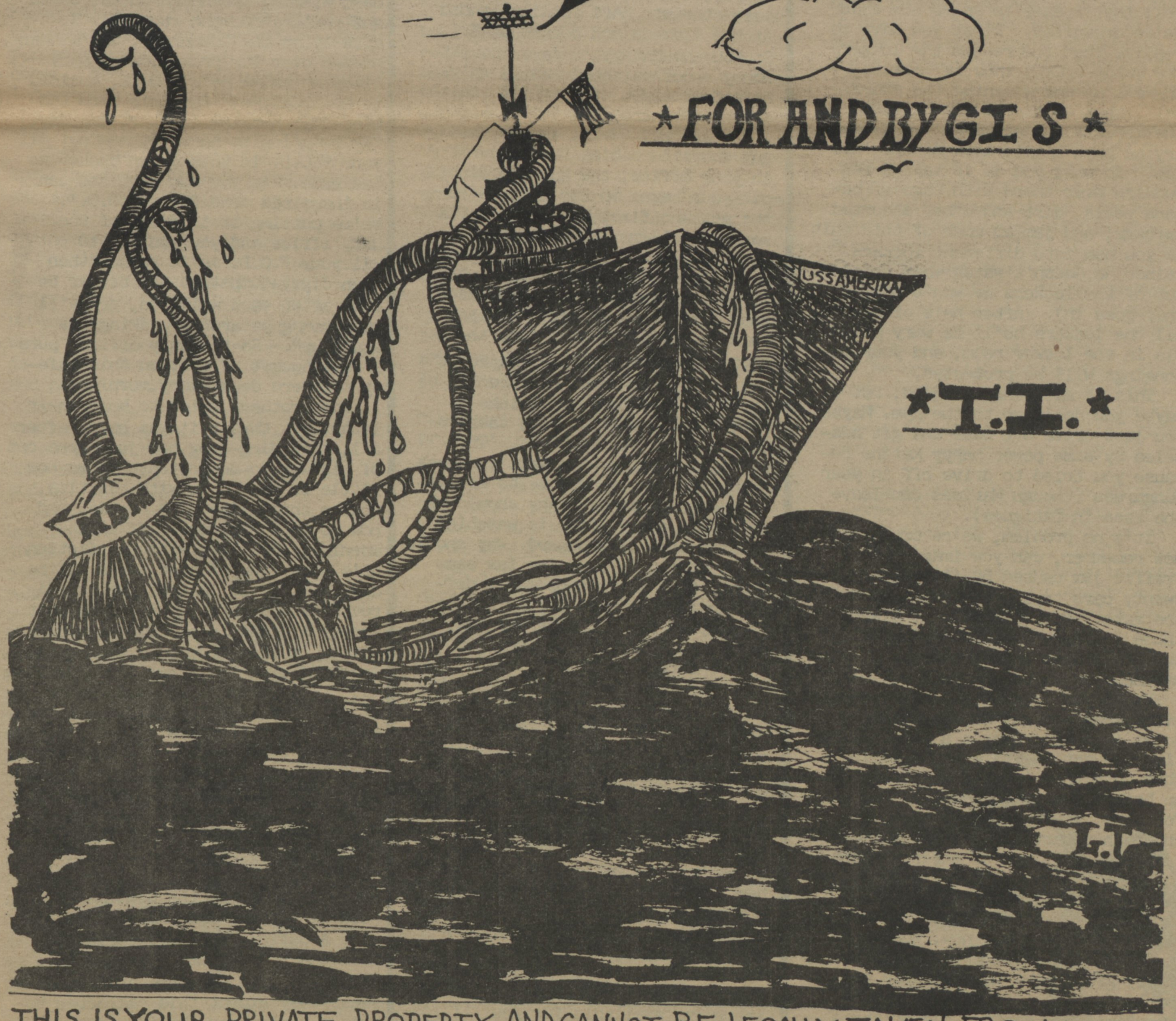
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MDM
2214 GROVE ST.
BERKELEY CAL.

NAS ALAMEDA*

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

FOR AND BY GI S



T.I.

THIS IS YOUR PRIVATE PROPERTY AND CANNOT BE LEGALLY TAKEN FROM YOU

the new scene.

NAS Alameda, the wonderland of idiocy, can be defeated my friend (or maybe we can injure the idiocy a little bit anyway). Yes, I feel our problems have been solved or partially so, at least. The answer of course is organization. The very reason the Navy defeats and frustrates you is they're organized. But things work both ways, and the best way to defeat an organization is with another organization.

Of course we'll be the underdogs from the beginning, because people won't join us to avoid the draft and we won't have the power to induct anyone in the event of a war. But it's the American way to pull for the weaker power--look at the popularity of Ronald Reagan.

It is well known that Americans like to gamble on a sure loser. Just ask the Koreans or the Cubans, or the Vietnamese. So maybe with a little luck we can sway the American government to appropriate men and money to help us fight the U.S. Navy.

At first we'll act on the small problems of Alameda. Maybe you're one of those who has had his wallet stolen from his gym locker so many times that security has a permanent supply of I.D. cards on file for you. Well that's easy to solve now that we're organized. First you have to realize that the reason the lockers are being broken into is because there's no one watching the store. Well, they do hire a guy to watch the lockers but since he's a mercenary he pays little attention to his job. So what you do is take a few buddies over there with bags of banana peels, dirt and other assorted garbage, and jam as much of this shit as you can into different lockers (since he doesn't watch what comes out of the lockers he won't notice what goes in). After he's cleaned all the lockers he'll be wary of people in the locker room, and your belongings will be protected.

This is all fine and good, but maybe you don't go to the gym. Maybe you just drive off base and get hasseled by some power happy Marine because you tried to drive off in your dungarees (though Marines can leave the base in fatigues).

It's no problem, we're organized now remember, can you imagine the traffic jam caused by fifteen or twenty cars trying to turn around at the gate. Not only will it alert those "in power" of their stupidity, but it'll make an asshole out of the Marine.

Maybe you live in the barracks and every week you get sheets with big holes in them. That's a snap, everytime you get sheets with holes in them, rip them in half and fold them up before you turn them in. One thing for sure, you won't have to worry about that particular sheet anymore.

Because of lack of entertainment do you go to the club, only to listen to the Fruitgum Stompers do "live" versions of Neil Sedaka's greatest hits. This is easy, now, that were organized. Everytime they sign a shitty group like this to play,get some friends and go to the club. Everytime they perform one of these gems, you and your friends "raise your beer glasses to the sky" and sing, it doesn't matter what, just as long as it's loud, off-key and not the particular number being performed.

It's easy to solve our problems now. I'll bet you can solve a few of your own, already. Just remember all you need is organization, and keep in mind that the Navy attempts to do things logically and ends up doing things illogically. So if we do the most illogical thing we can think of the two illogics will cancel out:

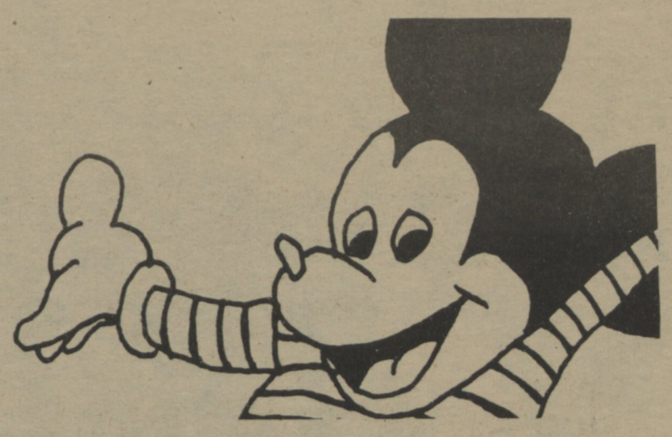
$$\left(\frac{\text{Illogic}}{\text{Illogic}} = \text{ZERO}\right)$$ And we will be free.

Iron Scrotum

Why Us

Yes, the pinko, radical, dirty hippie, commie, subversive, Godless atheists have finally landed at NAS Alameda and docked at T.I. So you thought you'd never have to worry about us, huh? Well, we're here to rob you of your old false sense of security.

Who are we? Well, we are the guy who sits behind the typewriter in your office, the guy who dishes out your beans in the BOQ, we're the guy who fixes, or doesn't fix your propellers, we're the guys who lick your heads clean. We're here to start talking at you, and at you, and at you until you stop, look,listen and change. Why are we doing this? Maybe, it's the $192 a month for an E-4, maybe it's the shitty barracks, or it could be the food that Congress thinks is such great quality. But, there's much more to it than that. The paranoia barrier - we want to break that one. Why should we be afraid to speak our minds? Why should we be afraid every lifer is watching us like some SS trooper? Why should we be afraid to exercise the same rights that we're supposedly defending for the rest of the nation? Moratorium Day - that's our day. We didn't vote for the Congress that enacted the draft. We didn't authorize the Baines and the Dick to call us to the front to fight an undeclared war. We're powerless - that's why the mahogany polishing brass in Washington made us fight our brothers in Viet Nam - they didn't think we could hassle them like they do to us. WELL, BROTHERS, that day is ended at T.I. and Alameda. We're here to get our thing together. Security is in numbers, right? MDM has an office at 2214 Grove St. in Berkeley, along with the Berkeley High School Student Union at the Student Research Facility. We have a defense committee of civilian attorneys available for you, if you get busted for doing your political thing. Give us a call at 549-2172 or drop by the office and rap anytime, we're here to help you.



NAS ALAMEDA'S MICKEY MOUSE FAN CLUB

The Alameda Naval Air Station brass is sponsoring a Mickey Mouse Fan Club-or so it would seem. Navy guys are used to being exploited to walk around and pick up shit off the decks (that's the floor and ground to you crabs). In the Army its called Call, in civilian life its called "Keep America Beautiful". In the aviation Navy, its called F.O.D. Walkdowns--F.O.D. for Foreign Objects on Deck, a typical navyese inflation America Beautiful". In the aviation Navy, its called F.O.D. Walkdowns--F.O.D. for Foreign Objects on Deck, a typical Navyese inflation of terminology.

Well, its been going on for some time, but none of the brothers really minded taking a walk around the hanger in the morning. After all, it was a good way to clear your head from being drunk or stoned the night before. Not to mention the sunrise. But one of NAS Alameda's safety officers decided we hadn't b been picking up enough butts, bolts and roaches fromthe runways. So this lifer Lt. Commander, who's been passed over for promotion so many times he knows he's a dolt, decided to be creative. And this word was passed at morning quarters one day, "We're going to have you men put all your F.O.D. in this green bucket we had made. As you can see, the can is inscribed 'One Day's F.O.D.'. We're putting it in front of the duty office and you men are to put all your F.O.D. in it rather than then dipsy-dumpster. It better be full after each walkdown, or we'll know you guys aren't picking the stuff up". So the duty officer puts a full bucket of shit on this safety officers desk every morning.

The brothers tried to hold their laughter. Christ it was hard--after all, this ding-dong had just gone out of his way to demonstrate to us how little he has to do with his time, what a child-like mind he has, and how he gets his rocks off in the morning. He lives with the fiction he's some kind of exec, when all he does all day is initial printed directives and makes up the dumb shit safety slogans in the POD--and runs around on his lunch hour taking pictures of guys he thinks are "sluffing off". If he isn't doing that, he still finds time in his heavy schedule to order brothers to get haircuts. He wants every guy on the base to look as much a freak as he does with his butch haircut. He even tells fellow officers to get haircuts--and you can imagine how short those "good niggers" keep their hair. Seldom passes the day that Mr. Safe doesn't aggravate the sentiments held by officer and enlisted alike-he's a baffon, who well could fit into the role of Lt. Scheiskoff in CATCH-22. The brothers at Alameda swear they expect this character to hold a parade any morning now.

Up Against the Pentagon

by Roger Priest



It ought to be clear by now that the Amerikan military doesn't give a damn about a servicemen's Constitutional rights---especially, if by exercising those rights he exposes the military brass and their co-conspirators in Washington for what they are.

I am the editor of "OM, The Servicemen's Newsletter"--the first anti-war, anti-brass paper put of by a Navyman in the U.S. Navy's long and inglorious history.

I am also a member of the American Servicemen's Union; a group that has been in the vanguard in the fight to obtain rights for G.I.s.

As editor of the Washington D.C. based paper, I will be the first serviceman to face court-martial solely for statements written in a G.I. newspaper. For this dubious distinction I presently face up to 39 years in the brig and a dishonorable discharge when tried by a general court-martial.

Why? One reason is that I was speaking the truth about the Amerikan war in Vietnam. Another thing; I never minced words about my disgust and contempt for the lying politicians in Washington and the other war criminals in the Pentagon who give the orders, make the policies, gain the promotions, the medals and the money while our blood and Vietnamese blood is shed to make profits for a few and poverty for the many.

The military, the government and the war industries need the big lies to survive. How else do you think they can get us to fight their wars and die for them?

Because I set out deliberately to upset the status quo and to bring about needed discussion of issues revelant to GIs, the Brass and a reactionary Congressman got together to say that I "went to far". By court-martialing me the Navy will have to trample the Bill of Rights, that historic document which is supposed to protect us from the government. And unless we get ourselves "together" that is just what they'll do.

But, in fact, our rights have already been trampled and are not worth the paper they are written on as long as the Pentagon Brass have the power to arbitrarily decide and interpret in what manner and form those rights may be exercised.

This has got to stop. The power to determine one's own destiny is an inalienable right. Like one that can't be taken away from you.

I was originally charged on June 20, 1969, with violating 14 specifications under four articles of the Uniform Code of Military Justice based on articles in the April, May and June issues of "OM".

They were as follows: Article 82-soliciting others to desert in violation of Article 85 and soliciting others to commit sedition in violation of Article 86. Article 89 -disrespect to Gen. Earle Wheeler, Chmn, Joint Chiefs of Staff. Article 92 - not disclaiming that my views were not official Navy views. Article 134 -conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline (making disloyal statements--8 counts), violation of Title 18, Section 2387 (the notorious 1940 Smith Act--intent to interfere with, impair, etc., etc., loyalty and discipline, etc., etc.,--good for ten years each).

On August 28, 1969, I was ordered to stand trial. Some counts were ruled out by the judge then ruled back in by Commandant of the Washington Naval District. This is being appealed. A decision is expected soon--then a trial date will be set.

My request that I be tried before a jury composed entirely of E-2's and E-3's was turned down by the Commandant and you know that being tried by an all-officer court is like being a Jew tried in Nazi Germany (or a black being tried in the U.S.A.).

The judge is a winner too. Under questioning from my lawyers he stated that he did not believe that servicemen had the right to publish material for or against the war.

But all the charges and legal maneuvering is just BULL SHIT; my prosecution was ordered by L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina (a Congressman who heads the House Armed Services Committee, pushes the war, blesses the brass in any way they ask, and who is a racist pig--Ed.).

In a letter dated June 6, 1969, Rivers wrote Rear Adm. Means Johnston that my publication, "OM" "reflects a gross abuse of the Constitutional right of free speech"--that is, I had published "Bobby Seale's Parable" in the June issue of "OM".

The parable tells of a thirsty man who finds a stream, but it's full of filth. It seems that there is a huge hog "pissing and shitting in the stream..." I attached a line at the end. "L. Mendel Rivers, get your ass out of that stream. You hear, boy?"

The Brass toadies of Rivers interrogated me on June 12, transferred me on June 17 and charged me on June 20. Fast reaction time, huh? The fucking Navy has never moved that fast---except to screw a guy.

At my Article 32 "grand jury type hearing," the Navy testified that it had assigned 25 agents to follow me and harass me during my off-duty time. I nearly fell out of my chair when an agent testified that the Navy picked up and fingered through the garbage and picked it up at my off-base apartment.

There has been a lot of support and solidarity from many people in this battle with Rivers and the Navy Brass. The American Servicemen's Union, the New Mobilization Committee have agreed to conduct massive demonstrations to STOP THE TRIAL.

A lot more is needed.

The solidarity of masses of people moving against oppressive institutions can be a beautiful thing to behold. It is also a frightening thing--to our oppressors.

My court-martial could come in March or April or maybe later. But it does not have to come at all. People rising up angry can change t their own destiny. If we get organized we can win. (Disorganized people have no rights.)

But if it comes, the trial could be a springboard for even greater opposition to the war and the denial of basic Constitutional rights.

I invite everybody to come and watch the Navy court-martial the First Amendment (Bldg. 200 on 11th St., S.E. Just south of M Street, Washington, D.C.). Fun is guaranteed to one and all. Our success depends on what we do before, during and after the court-martial.

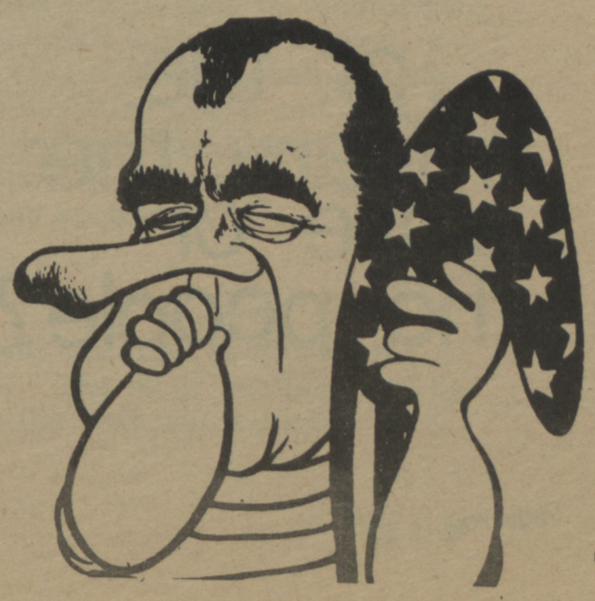
The Brass like to do their dirty deeds where no one can see them. It is necessary to focus attention on this trial and on all the injustices that have been committed by the Pentagon.

The whole world will be watching --expecially G.I.s. Nobody likes to see another get screwed--after all it might be them soon. Public exposure of this case can only increase G.I. dissent. It just might be the straw that breaks the camel's back.

Repression breeds rebellion.

If you can't come to the trial, then organize wherever you are. The power is in your hands if you but realize it. Don't just display it. Use it.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE



Should the people be slaves to the military?

WHAT MDM MEANS TO ME

The Movement for a Democratic Military (MDM) is presently a non-violent organization. The object is not to violently attack the military with guns and munitions, but rather to improve it with pertinent suggestions. As of yet there hasn't been anybody able to submit pertinent suggestions without consequently martyring himslef. That's the big problem, the paranoia that is always so present and is always so enforced.

The military tries to turn enlisted men "off" to MDM by calling it a violent organization capable of wiping out you and your freinds, should such a need arise. Here's probably the most violent organization in the world (the U.S. Military) telling you to be wary of another organization because it may be violent. This would be most informative if it were true, but, since the Movement for a Democratic Military is non-violent, it is not only bad, but also a lie.

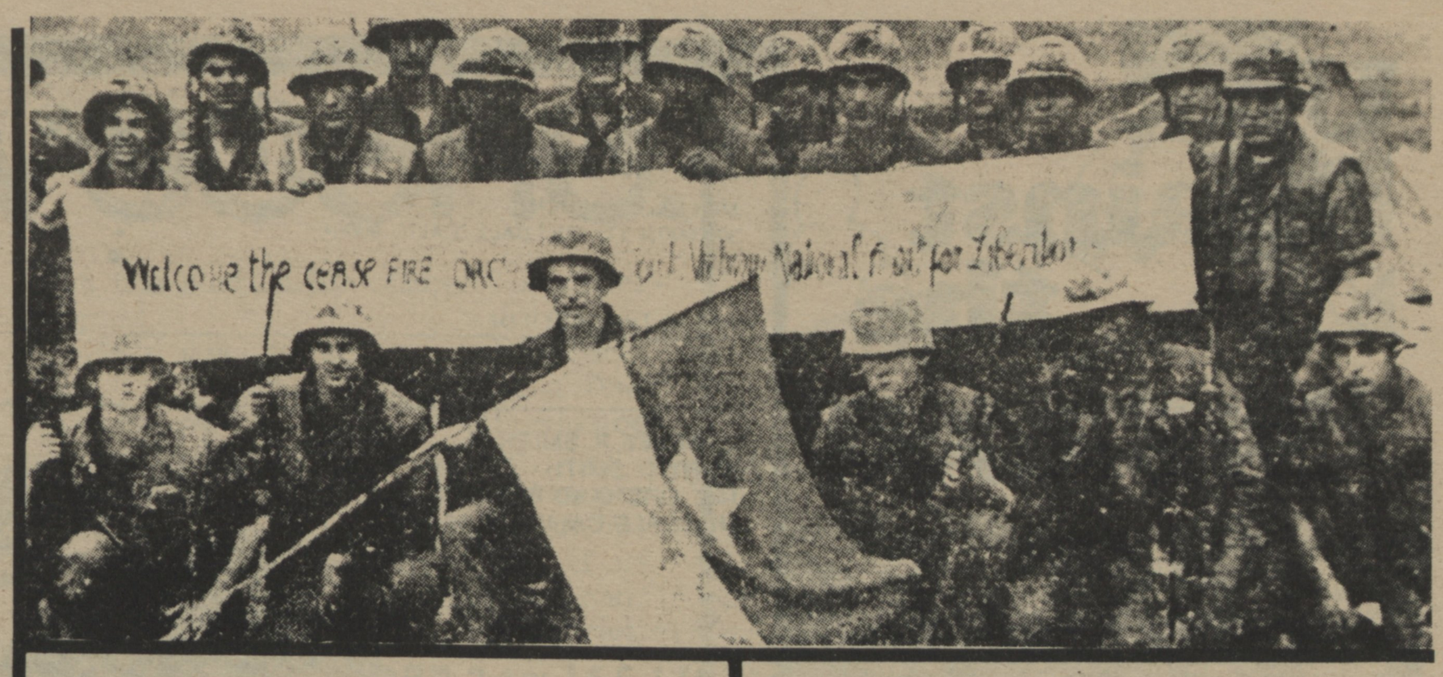
Let's get back into some positive things instead of rambling on about the typical military "unchecked and unbalanced" system.

If you should get into legal hassle in the military, we'll try to get civilian counsel for you rather than let you fry with a military lawyer who is just as paranoid about standing by you as you are of speaking your opinions (in a military situation).

The main thing is communication, after all the future of the military (if any) is in our hands. We should be the ones to decide if there is going to be a need for the military in our generation, and if so what part it will play. We're all agreed that we don't want to continue being the antagonizer of world situations and problems. We have to start either molding the military in a positive direction or doing away with it altogether. It is much to negative an organization to serve anyone (other than the lifers) at present.

It's up to you and me, and that's what we're here for, to take up the responsibilities of our future. It's about time we started to accept our responsibilities and take the military into our own hands where it belongs, since, in theory, the military is the servant of the people and we are the people.

...or the military the slave of the people?



Reflections

THOUGHTS IN A TIME OF ASSASSINATION

Here is a Vietnamese man. He does not speak your language, or share your ideals. How do you speak to him? Napalm. Here is a black man who preaches a nationalism you fear. How do you understand him? Jail him. Here is a child with strange ideas. How do you listen? School him. Here is a man hungry for life. How do you help him? Preach to him. Here is a man who worships at his own temple. How do you save him? Convert him.

Where is the power of one institution directed toward enabling the young to reach their own goals. Where is there one school erected to teach men to touch and to love and to live with and within themselves. We preach old gods and speak the language of violence. We build bombs that kill, cars that kill, schools that kill, jails that kill, welfare programs that kill, armies that kill, politics that kill. If it is not that simple, sit in a room alone with yourself for one day and tell me the times in one life you have been murdered.

Silence will bring death to this country. Young people want to love and will tell you. Old people want to love and are afraid. The silent man each day lends small talents to the institutions he does not know, does not understand, does not love. He knows it is wrong, but each day more silence. There are no love places, no love patterns. Only dead gods. You will not turn men off of war until you turn them on to living. You will not turn men off of murder until you turn them on to speaking in another truer way, and give them a man to listen.

The only real revolution is the working of responsible love in responsibly enabling communities. When we learn to descry the violence done in schools and done in ghettoes and done in houses and move to build instead of to sit or to lie or to suppress, then slowly, one by one, the revolution will come in the slightly freer actions of each slightly freer man.

The love cry of young people in revolt today is, "I want to learn how." They do not always succeed. Who will teach them? The schools, the police, the government, the church, the corporate death? Because if we walk as a moral silent man each day to the grave, we can only teach our children each day the same. And violence on the outside is only the evident result of years of silence and violence within. When we end one silence, when we begin to move one person we did not understand, the revolution begins.

Dead men need no mourning. The dead in life need all the help they can get. (This was written by Craig B. Williamson, a Quaker, after Robert Kennedy's assassination. It should be considered in it's historical context.)

Iron Scrotum Raps

THE HAIRCUT THROUGH HISTORY

"Sherman, turn the 'wayback Machine' to the period in U.S. History when Thomas Jefferson was president, what's this! The men of the American Army are petitioning the president to do away with the 'new' short haircut law".

"But Mr. Peabody, I thought that the military men always had military haircuts"?

"Not true Sherman, as a matter of fact, the men of the U.S. Navy once prided themselves on their long hair. That's why they have those flaps on the backs of their uniform, they were put there originally by the men to keep their hair off their uniforms".

"But Mr. Peabody, why did they cut their hair"?

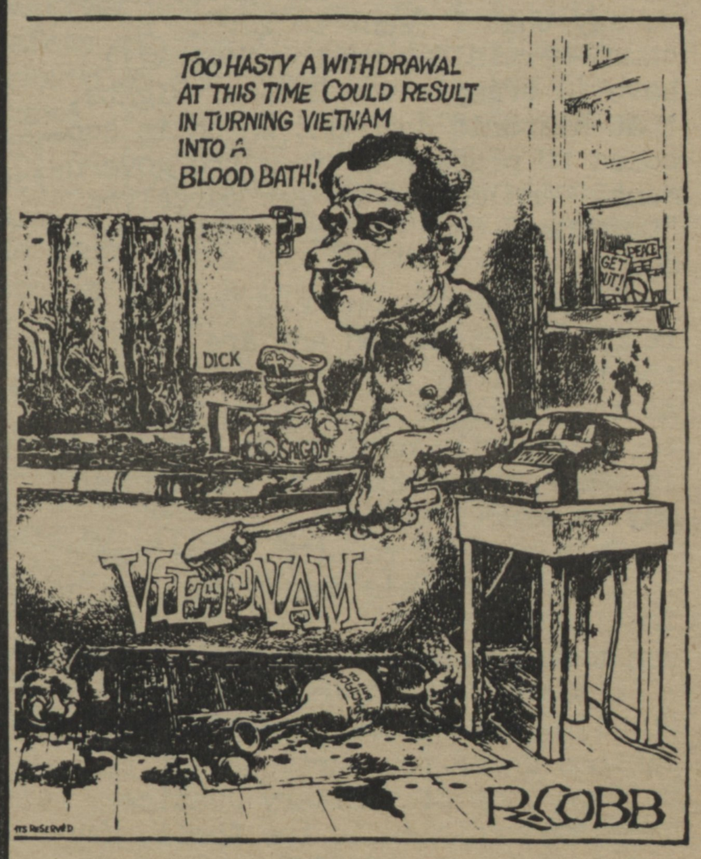
"I'm getting to that Sherman, if you'll please be patient. You see during the period of World War I short hair was 'in vogue', consequently, the military men ran off and cut their hair to protect themselves from social ostracism".

"But Mr. Peabody, the people today wear their hair long and the military men are ostracicized because of their short hair. Why don't they grow their hair back"?

"Because a very wise man in the annals of military history said, 'that short hair is a vital way of protecting the lives of each and everyone of the soldiers of today".

"Who was that wise man, Mr. Peabody"?

"Why General Custer, of course, Sherman".



PRISONERS OF WAR

Priest & Sinclair

Economic desperation is forcing the government to take fascist measures to control the people. The first step towards fascism is the eradicationd political opposition. Frightening as it is, this is happening right in front of us. Roger Priest exercises his constitutional right of freedom of press in order to express the views of hundreds of thousands of GIs who are realizing that their leaders are criminals - the military calls this disloyalty and is threatening him with thirty-nine years in jail. John Sinclair organized huge cultural celebrations which repudiated the tedium and alienation of life under the militarized, fascist society - he was sentenced to ten years in jail for possession of two joints. And Bobby Seale, the chairman of the Black Panther Party is on trial for his life in a racist court in Connecticut.

On April 26, a cultural celebration in the style of John Sinclair will be dedicated to freeing Roger Priest and all political prisoners. Servicemen are welcome - enjoy the Berkeley culture instead of the military culture for at least one day. Commander Cody is the leading band. Wine, food and other various natural spirits will be in abundance. When we are together we cannot be repressed.

Bobby Seale

When Bobby Seale was in Chicago on charges of conspiring to cross state lines with intent to incite to riot, he was kicked in the testes, beaten, bound, gagged, and choked by US Marshals. And when his mistrial was declared, he was sentenced to serve four years on contempt. Like in Alice in Wonderland, he got the sentence before the verdict, and in violation of the US Constitution (Fifth, Sixth, and Fourteenth Amendments) and a US Supreme Court precedent (a judge shall not sentence any person to more than six months without a trial by jury).

This interview took place while he was in SF City Prison. He has since been extradited to Connecticut, where he's up on Alice-in-Wonderland charges of kidnapping and murder in the Alex Rackley case.

What follows is an edited version of that interview. A long, very personal section has been cut because it's all about cooking and Bobby's favorite recipes. For those of you who cook, we might print a series of Bobby's recipes later. But where this version begins, Bobby is talking about how he was brutalized and beaten. A guard had slipped him a contraband Panther newspaper. When the prison investigator found that paper, Bobby told him that a guard had given him the paper. The guard denied it. For this Bobby was sent to solitary, and on the way, he was choked and kicked in the groin four times. On top of it all, his legal papers were illegally taken from him.

Bobby talks a lot about prison and prison food. It might be the brig. Fear and paranoia? He raps about how Huey stood up to that, how people are divided from each other, and what it takes to bring people together. This has got a lot to do with Roger Priest. Roger's up for 39 years for putting out a paper. Bobby faces the chair because the Panther party is fighting for a society that makes some sense. Both are prisoners of the same enemy because they're fighting the same war.

The Hole

Seale: . . . Well, I woke up in the hole. And my throat, you know, it was hoarse. And you know what shocked me the most? When I came to, I couldn't utter a word. That's how bad they choked me. And I always had a tonsilitis problem, dig. They wouldn't even let me go get a doctor.... I couldn't utter a word. I tried to say something, and that shocked me. I thought I wasn't going to be able to speak no more, man. That blew my mind. Pissed me off. And finally after about ten minutes in there, I said, "(he's barely able to clear his throat)". And one of the cats came back and asked me did I want some water. And I said, "Ya, I want some water." (very faintly).... and my throat it swelled up, and I started running a temperature. . . .

The hole has been declared unconstitutional by the US Supreme Court. But they still use it, you know. They lie and say they don't, but they do. They always put cats in the hole. Always brutalizing them, beating them. Like the other night, you know the cat Raymond Scott? One of these black guards, he tried to go in on Raymond Scott, man. And brutalize the cat. Messing with him. And then he went and called out a bunch of other guards and went in there, and they jumped on him. About nine or ten of them. Beat the cat man. Beat him unconscious. . . .

Well, back to the hole. The hole has got a hole in the floor. Just a flat hole, you know. Like they had the thing stopped up. You can't flush it from inside. It's flushed from outside. So I was in there about half an hour or so. And it flushed, but it was stopped up. And the defecation and urine and toilet paper and all that crap come all back up on the floor. And I'm standing in two inches of water with defecation and everything in it, you know. There's this little porthole with thick glass on it. I'm watching to catch someone passing. I try to bang on this door, but it's almost soundproof....And those cats knew it was stopped up. They knew it. And it wasn't until late that night when the shift was changed that one of the guards got some human sense and was giving me some food in a plate through the porthole.

How Huey Psyched the Pigs

F.N.: What did you do to keep yourself fit, to keep yourself sane?

Seale: You see, this is where you beat the cats. See, when you're a revolutionary they can't break the spirit that way. The real thing is you understand the psychology of the cops. They are the ones who really can't stand to be in there. That's why they create that kind of thing, you see what I mean...?

Huey was telling me one time about how he figured this thing out. When he was in jail a long time ago, way before the Party started, they put him in the hole cause he'd led a strike in jail for better food, you know. They give you a cup of green mush and two pieces of bread twice a day. So when they first come around there, Huey said, "I'm not going to eat this crap cause I was striking upstairs for better food in the first place. What would I look like eating this crap now?" So here, he threw this crap out. For two days Huey wouldn't eat. It so happened that the shift changed. And the cat who came on night shift happened to be a brother who knew me and Huey very well from Merritt College....What it was, he went and got some bologne and cheese sandwiches, and brought them down there and gave them to Huey at night....When they come down there the next day with that green mush, Huey was doing push-ups. This cat did that for ten days, and it blew those cats' minds. . . .

I got out of the hole cause so much pressure was coming down on them up there in that jail, you know, for putting me in there in the first place. Finally, the cat who gave me that newspaper admitted, "Oh ya, I gave the man a newspaper." Then they looked like a bunch of fools for putting me in the hole in the first place. They found out I was telling the truth....

How Bobby Met Huey Newton

F.N.: When you first ran into Huey Newton, what was it about him that made the two of you come together?

Seale: The man was able to articulate and make himself clear. A brother. I call him the brother, the nigger, the black man . . . .

F.N.: Where'd you first bump into him?

Seale: At Merritt College in front of a rally. It wasn't a rally. He just happened to be blowing to three brothers and about two hundred people crowded around after the rally and was listening to Huey run it down. I happened to walk up. I was just a member of the crowd. I tried to kick off going to Merritt College to get me an education. I wanted to be an engineer, but it turned out that I got interested in black history and anthropology and social science.

I asked him some questions. I always felt you should ask people questions. I asked him, "What about all this stuff NAACP is doing? Is it really helping us?" And he blows it away. He says, "No, because all that money they're using they're wasting away to make some law. There's already laws on the books that should be enforced." And he cited all the 13th, 14th, 15th Amendments and all these kinds of things that should have been enforced cause they're our constitutional rights, you see. So we have to exercise these laws. And he talked about cooperatives, and what black people need these days. . . .

He learned how to read by memorizing poetry. He didn't know how to read, so he used poetry. And by focusing on the poetry to understand words and stuff, he learned the in-depth meaning of things. You know, poetry gives a lot of in-depth about life and society. . . .

(This is only the first section of the interview. The other sections will be printed in the next two issues)

MDM News

Even though the repression against the Movement for a Democratic Military has been very heavy in the Southern California area the chapters in San Diego and Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, are moving on the offense.

Each chapter has taken legal action against the military or civil authorities. In San Diego, MDM filed complaints for injunction and damages in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of California. The actions calls for an emergency injunction to force the police to cease from making illegal arrests, entries into homes and offices and generally harassing the organization of active duty G.I.s. Also the plaintiffs demand $100,000 each for previous acts of harassment.

The defendants are O.J. Roed, Chief of Police of the San Diego Police Department, R.B. Jaurequi, Assistant Chief of Police, Walter Hahn, the city manager, and John Does (1-100), the officers of the Police Department.

Pendleton MDM filed suit against Battalion Commander R.R. Miner for slander. He accused MDM of responsibility for an elleged race riot on February 13 at Pendleton. As MDM members from Camp Pendleton have since told this writer, the race riot charges were totally unfounded. The outbreak occurred due to a racist attack by some white marines, but the black G.I. who was attacked went to get some friends to get even. Many of those friends happened to be white. That's what the brass fears, that a black G.I. could call on whites as well as blacks to fight racism. MDM says fight racism through solidarity.

In San Diego, MDM called attention to the trial of James A. Brown, who had been in the brig for 203 days of pre-trial confinement without any legal assistance. He had been confined in maximum security; he had been harassed and beaten by guards. People who came to his court-martial were turned away, but MDM stayed outside the gates of the naval base and distributed literature and rapped to sailors about Brown's trial.

At North Island Naval Air Station, San Diego, MDM is calling for a boycott of the enlisted men's club. Two black sailors got fired for verbally supporting a third brother who punched out a white lifer for calling him a nigger. A shore patrol then attempted to move on the brother, Alex Jordan, but he received the same treatment when he tried to lift his club against Alex's head. Alex is now being charged with various counts of assault. Last Saturday only six G.I.s went to the base enlisted men's club. On a regular Saturday the club is usually filled with at least 250 sailors.

The boycott will be sustained until the following demands are met (1) Fire the racist manager, Chief John Ryan; (2) Reinstate with back pay Tommy Shaw and Johnny Jones; free Alex Jordan, political prisoner of American military racist policy; and (3) take the control of the club out of the hands of the present management and turn it over to a board of enlisted men elected by rank and file sailors.

Various forms of rap sessions are being held at the Waiting Room, MDM headquarters in San Diego. On International Women's Day, women from Women's Liberation came to talk, There have been raps on black literature at San Diego State College.

This last weekend, Jane Fonda talked with the G.I.s about her latest experiences with the brass up in the state of Washington.

On April 17 and 18, Preacherman from the Patriot Party will be here to rap with G.I.s.

All these activities must be telling the brass something about the determination of G.I.s. This will make them more and more desperate in their attempts to crush MDM. General Chapman, Commandant of the Marines, has in a press conference made it quite clear that he was declaring internal war against the Movement for A Democratic Military.



Police state vs. the Constitution. Which side are you on?

U.S. Wars on Coffeehouses

Ever since the rebellion in the Ft. Dix stockade last summer, the military brass, with the aid of local, state and federal authorities, has stepped up its campaign to wipe out all progressive G.I. forces. Needless to say, "General-Admiral" Nixon and his henchmen, Mitchell, Laird, etc., are on the side of the conspirators and are actually the real forces behind the conspiracy to exterminate the G.I. Movement.

Although this combination of criminals have at various times moved against individuals who have resisted, most of the repression has come down on the various coffeehouses projects near military bases or headquarters for active duty G.I. organizations.

In early December the brass decided that it wanted to place the Shelter Half near Ft. Lewis, Tacoma, Washington, off limits to servicemen. A national publicity and support campaign was waged by the coffeehouse staff. The Army, due to people's pressure, decided to halt its investigation indefinitely on alleged subversive activities at the coffeehouse.

At the Ft. Knox Coffeehouse in Muldraugh, Kentucky, six of the staff people were indicted for "maintaining a public nuisance of all the good citizens of the Commonwealth of Kentucky", and "violating sanitary conditions". Bail was set at $10,000.

The grand jury started an investigation of FTA (the G.I. paper). When staff people refused to answer questions, four of them were jailed for contempt of court, and bail was set at $1500 a person. The state police came into the coffeehouse every night for three weeks, demanding names of the people in the coffeehouse.

The grand jury is to resume its investigation.

The Ft. Dix coffeehouse near Ft. Dix, New Jersey, got bombed and when the police came to investigate they proceeded to smash things up in the name of "looking for clues".

The Oleo Strut coffeehouse near Ft. Hood, Killeen, Texas, has been the target for vigilantes of the Ku Klux Klan type. Last fall the staff and many active-duty G.I.s were headed for an anti-imperialist rally in Houston. Some of them never did make that rally. Thery were on two occasions attacked with firearms by the Klan. They found out later that the Klan had taken credit for the crime. Fortunately the shots only hit one of the cars.

Two G.I.s from Ft. Hood who were organizers have received heavy jail sentences. One, the first editor of the local G.I. paper, called Fatigue Press, got eight years on a framed dope bust. He served a year and a half in jail before a higher court overturned the conviction.

In January 1970, the civilian staff of the UFO coffeehouse near Ft. Jackson, Columbia, South Carolina, was busted and charged with operating a public nuisance. Bail was set at $7500 for the men and $6000 for the women (sho is pregnant). For this "crime", these staff people face a possible ten years in jail. Two days later the UFO was padlocked by state officials; a notice stating that the UFO was being closed by a temporary restraining order on the ground that it was a public nuisance was placed in the window.

The Home Front near Ft. Carson, Colorado Springs, has had FBI pressure interfering with its efforts.

In July 1969, the landlord of the original coffeehouse broke the lease the day after being visited by the FBI. On December 11, 1969, FBI and military intelligence visited the offices of Peerless Graphics, the Colorado Springs printer for Above Ground, the G.I. paper. A contract

(continued on page eight)

T.I. BUST!

The Bay Area Chapter of MDM payed its first visit to Treasure Island on March , in order to discuss conditions of T.I. with sailors stationed there. Enlisted men voiced the usual complaints but also explained that the T.I. situation had changed considerably as a result of the brutality hearings which arose out of the case of G.I. Union member Pat Jones.

Pat Jones was held at T.I. while he was pending trial for AWOL. He suffered the pig brutality which many Americans are being forced to get used to. But instead of suffering silently, he decided to escape - which he did. He contacted the Selective Service Panel, a group of lawyers who have defended many draft resisters and who have within the last year extended their help to active duty servicemen who resist military oppression as a matter of conviction. Don Jelinek took his case and as a first step sought an injunction in Federal Court against the reassignmen of Pat to the brig. The Federal Judge didn't dare to interfere with the military's fascist perogative to do whatever it pleases with those of us who are inducted, and refused to grant the injunction. But Jelinek then obtained a restraining order from Supreme Court Justice Douglas, and so the Navy was not allowed to put him in the brig until a full hearing on the injunction took place.

Meanwhile the Navy and Marine Pigs in charge of the brig ignored the Supreme Court, as fascists do, and continued to encourage the beating of helpless prisoners. After all, if you're a lifer, you need some sort of emotional compensation. But Jelinek blew their minds by collecting fourteen affadavits alleging brutality and charging the psychopaths involved with contempt of court. By this time, the Federal Judge who had at first regarded the whole case as none of his business, had become infuriated at the stupidity of the Navy for treating the Supreme Court order with contempt. Finally, the upper echelons of the brass sent word down through the chain of command to cease all illegal activity until the case blew over, although of course they didn't word the directive this way. From thereon in conditions at the brig and the holding barracks improved quickly. This is an excellent example of how the courage of a single enlisted man, when it is combined with professional legal support, adequate publicity (The Chronicle was writing front page stories on this case), and is supported by other enlisted men in the area can bring about inprovements in the situations of servicemen.

The military realizes this, and does not like to be forced to stop its abuse of citizen-soldiers. Therefore they do everything they can get away with to isolate servicemen from civilians and servicemen who are willing to help them.

The MDM organizers had this brought home to them as they were leaving the base. Four Shore Patrolers lead by a gung-ho lifer swooped down on them, placed them under arrest - without saying what they were arresting them for, searched their car, stole their property, seized leaflets announcing an MDM meeting, and took them down to the SP Station.

Here the four men - Tom Csekey, Steve Rees, Tom Stevens, and an active duty G.I., Bob King - witnessed a ludicrous display of military paranoia. The situation was all the more embarrassing because of the presence of enlisted sailors and marines who were obviously ashamed of being involved with their "leaders". First an officious CID inspector tried to impress everyone with his own importance. When he was laughed at -- no one could help it -- he began waving his badge and screaming "Do you realize your under arrest". After he calmed down and went back to the paperwork, a Navy officer began prating about one of the books that had been stolen out of the car, "Quotations from Chairman Mao", "Do you belong to the party that advocates this book"?, he bleated. Its always hard to figure out what officers are talking about but in this case it seemed apparent that he thought that anyone who was interested in helping servicemen must be a Communist on orders from Russia. We can only guess because when he was asked what he was talking about, he began a sentence, got confused, and backed out of the room.

Once these two intellectuals had retreated, there was time for a good discussion between us and the enlisted marines still in the room. Like the National Guardsmen called out to Berkeley, they were unable to do anything except follow orders, even though they had strong sympathies with those that the military hierarchy regard as enemies. We learned that they were temporarily assigned to Treasure Island and were trying to somehow get into the Bay Area scene for obvious reasons. Unfortunately, they were afraid to come to the MDM meeting that Sunday, because at this meeting, plans were made for bringing servicemen to Provo Park for the cultural festivals sponsored by the White Panther Party in conjunction with Movement for a Democratic Military. Hopefully, they have since heard about this through word of mouth, which the military can't possibly repress.

After a while the CID inspector, an ex-lifer named Prettyman, caught on to what was happening and ordered the prisoners to remain silent.

San Francisco Pigs showed up, took the three civilians to jail, and b booked us on trumped-up charges of trespassing. The next day we were arraigned before the U.S. Commissioner who admitted that he regarded the charges as "peanuts" and tried to convince us to plead guilty. This is what the Navy wanted, since they knew that having to admit to their behavior in a public trial would b- detrimental to their image.

In order to minimize total jail time, we decided that only two of us would plead not guilty. The man who pleaded guilty was then given a thirty day suspended sentence for "peanuts". In a country where pigs are arresting innocent people for all sorts of trivial charges, a suspended sentence is not much of a favor, since it is likely to have to be served anyway, and since it interferes with political activity for six months.

Bob King was taken to Oakland Army Base where he is stationed and placed on restriction. Now since he had not been convicted of a crime, and since he was not likely to go AWOL, this restriction was blatently illegal, being nothing but punishment without due process. When he threatened to bring this out in court, the Army got nervous and rushed an Article 15 on him the morning that Tom Csekey and myself were to go on trial. They had done nothing for two weeks and the timing of the Article 15, seven o'clock in the morning, shows that they paniced at the thought of being exposed in court.

But their fear was translated into vindictiveness, and Bob King was busted from E-4 to E-2 and restricted for thirty days. This is the typical pattern of military oppression. Lifers break their own regulations, violate the constitution, and mistreat accused enlisted men -- and then some self-righteous Colonel deals out a vicious sentence for some trivial infraction of some obscure rule. In this case, Bob was charged with fraudulent entry onto a military installation. There was some justification for the charge. When asked who he was going to visit, Bob, in a moment of bitterness gave the name of his cousin. His cousin had been killed in Vietnam.

As always, that unanswered question haunts the minds of oppressed servicemen -- Who are we fighting for, and who are we fighting against?

Stevens and Csekey went into court on April 3. Inspector Prettyman was the first witness for the prosecution. He claimed that the accused had not been read their rights because they had not been questioned. The report said they refused to answer questions. He admitted that he had received a complaint about stolen property and that he had not bothered to investigate. He was visibly shocked by the implication that he should use his precious powers to prosecute officers instead of enlisted men and civilians. In the course of his testimony it became apparent that he was really not aware of what had happened. He finally excused himself by claiming that he did not write the report. All his testimony was dismissed as hearsay at this point and the trial was put over until April 24, at 2 o'clock.

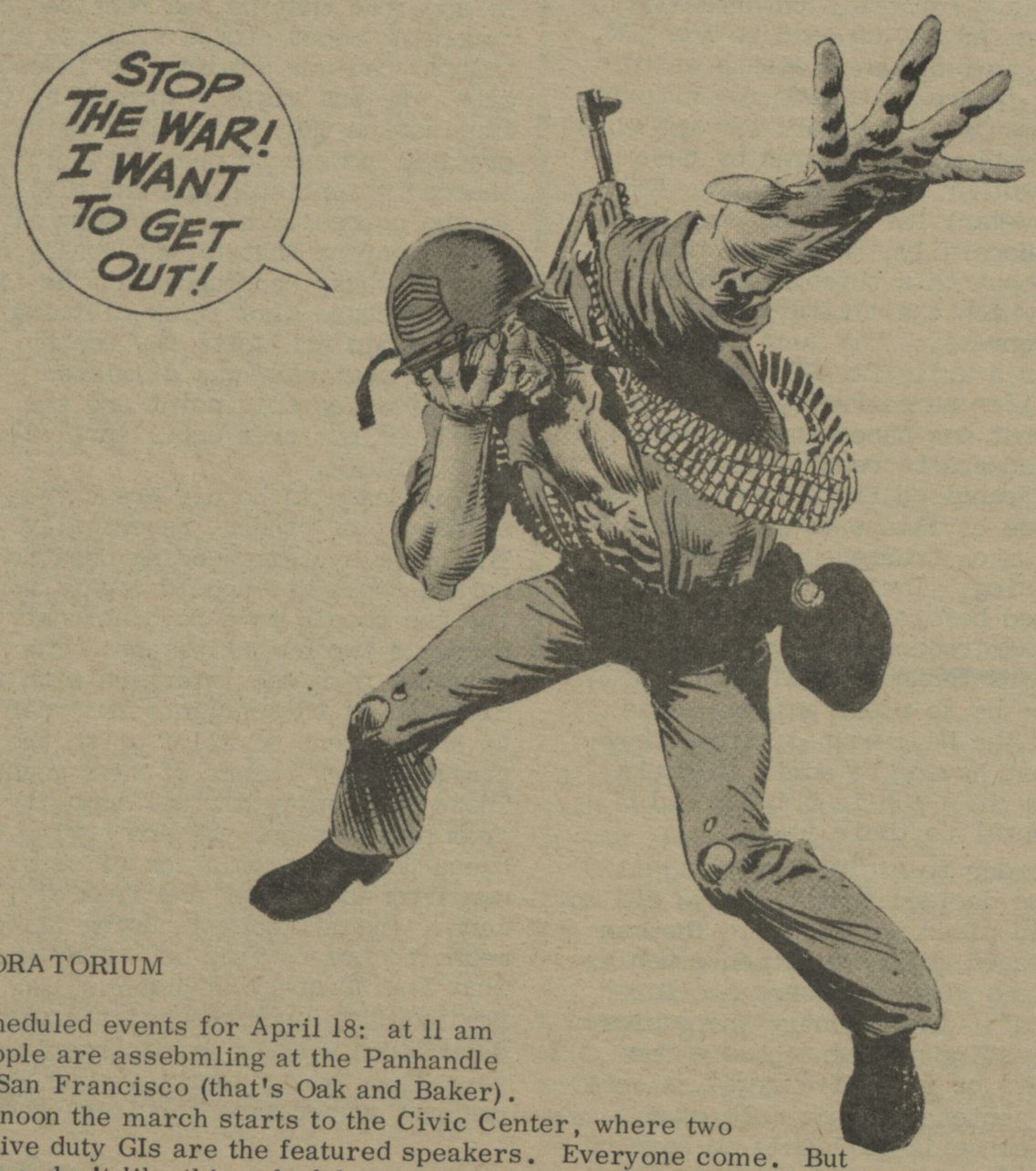
This case is no different from thousands of others, essentially. The court system is being used to harass those who uphold rights won for the people in a revolutionary struggle two centuries ago. The criminal pigs who interfere with the exercise of these rights in order to enslavement of allof us to the profit-hungry rulers of this country. These pigs enjoy virtual immunity from prosecution. We are trying to break down the isolation of servicemen from each other and from civilians. The military is using illegal means to try to stop us. They know that the strategy of imperialist domination of non/communist countries depends on keeping us disorganized, terrified, and miserable. Our Freedom and cooperation terrifies them.

MDM

What we're for & why we're for it

Believing that ending the suppression of the American Serviceman is an important part of a larger struggle for basic human rights, the Movement for a Democratic Military pledges support for the self determination of all peoples. We are dedicated to using every means at our disposal to bring about a prompt end to the war in Vietnam, the exploi tation of our brothers and sisters abroad, and the repression---both physical and economic---of those in our own land. We feel that by remaining silent, the serviceman has contributed to the denial of this deep-founded right of himself and of people everywhere to live free from intimidation and oppression. We have been silent for a long time. We will be silent no longer.

1. We demand the right to collective bargaining.
2. Extend all human and constitution al rights to military men and women.
3. Stop all military censorship and intimidation:
   We demand the right to individual conscience--moral, political, or religious.
   We demand the right to refuse politically objectionable duty such as riot control and Vietnam duty.
4. Abolish all mental and physical cruelty in military brigs, correctional custodies and basic training.
5. We demand the abolition of the present court-martial system and NJP:
   All cases would be subject to automatic review by a board of civilians elected by military men having one vote each.
   Trial by jury and court of one's peers by rank.
   Eliminate physical hearings and Non-judicial Punishment.
   Place the military judicial system outside the chain of command.
6. We demand the equal to the federal minimum wage for civilians.
7. We demand the abolition of the class structure of the military.
   End saluting and sir-ing and special officer priveleges and segregation.
   End all rank priveleges.
   We demand the right for an enlisted men's elected review board of officers conduct.
   We believe that respect can only be earned on a human-relating-to-human basis.
8. End all racism everywhere.
   Bring to immediate trial by the system described above, all officers and senior enlisted men who forment and exploit race tensions with the military.
9. Free all political prisoners.
   In return for captured American troops in Vietnam, we support amnesty for Eldridge Cleaver, Huey Newton, the Conspiracy 8, and our brother war resisters at home and abroad.
10. Stop the glorification of war now prevalent in all brances of the military.
11. Abolish the draft and all involuntary enlistment.
12. Pull out of Vietnam now.



MORATORIUM

scheduled events for April 18: at 11 am
people are assebmling at the Panhandle
in San Francisco (that's Oak and Baker).
At noon the march starts to the Civic Center, where two
active duty GIs are the featured speakers. Everyone come. But
if you don't like this schedule, then make your own and then do it! Be there.

COFFEEHOUSE

(continued from page six)

had been made to publish the newspaper; the type had already been set for the issue. The next day, the printer broke the contract, and subsequently, no printer in Colorado Springs would agree to publish 'Above Ground'.

The Green Machine Coffeehouse Project found a place in Oceanside, California, near Camp Pendleton, but the day before the lease was to be signed the landlord backed out. So now they operate out of their home in Vista. It has since November been the headquarters for the Camp Pendleton chapter of Movement for a Democratic Military (MDM).

Vigilantes have taken shots at the place and undercover pigs have constantly been found trespassing.

The 'Waiting Room', San Diego headquarters for MDM - has been practically under siege by local and military pigs. The MDM headquarters have been broken into on at least four occasions up to this date. Since late December at least fifty GIs, all members of MDM, have been ripped off. Most of these charges have been dropped, since no evidence could ever be found to constitute a violation.

At Seaside, California, near Fort Ord, the 'Fort Ord Coffeehouse has only been in existence about six weeks, but already has received its taste of justice. The police have been encouraging a group of bikers to start trouble so that they in turn could close the place down. The tactic has so far been unsuccessful, but there have been some close calls. The coffeehouse at Ft. Ord is also serving as lodgings for the newly formed chapter of Ft. Ord MDM.

All these coffeehouses in general serve as places where GIs can learn more about the Movement, read underground literature, start their own papers and build their own movements. This is what the brass calss subversive. So be it.

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I'm a civilian who wants to subscribe. Enclosed is $5 for a year's sub

I'm someone who digs what you're doing, and can help with some bread

I'm interested, and would like more information about MDM

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